

# **Mondaiji-tachi ga isekai kara kuru soudesu yo**

**The Story Between the Vampire  
Maid and the Storyteller**

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**PDF: Frozen**

# **Part 1**

## **Part 1**

The snores of the dragon echoed to the depths of the airborne castle.

Its proportions were larger than a river. And a valley between mountain ranges would be too narrow for it.

Even within the world of Little Garden where the gods have gathered, such a huge dragon was a rare sight. And if one were to have the opportunity to meet it, it would definitely be the moment of death for the eye witness.

From time long past, dragons would guard a hoard of gold, silver, gems and other riches. This dragon was of no exception. At the heart of the structure that it was coiled around, there stood an aerial castle, exposed to the violent air currents of the atmosphere. Not only did the streets look maintained, they were also not battered down by the winds and there wasn't even a scratch on the OuterWalls. It would seem that there was some sort of protection at work and it did not seem damaged from the outside. If one were to find a fault in its cleanliness, it would only be the human shaped stain that was imprinted on the tower observatory's wall.

It also boasted of a majestic moat that high leveled Communities would even find difficulty in replicating.

It was even possible for one to call it an airborne mobile weapon. And it was surely a treasure to Communities which wanted to own a city state like that aerial fortress. Hence there were Communities that came to challenge with their prided strength of numbers upon hearing the rumors of the aerial fortress and left the world of the living together with their valor.

People who came forth to challenge the huge dragon out of courage and people who ran away knowing that they were unable to win.

All who challenged this dragon, lost their lives without exception.

It was an impregnable den of magic that did not leave any survivors.

Yes, the real horror of this aerial fortress had never been the huge dragon.

But, it was the evil Demon Lord who came up with the rule for sparing no one who dares defy it.

A Vampire who possess long flowing beautiful blonde hair that gave the illusion of a curtain of golden silk.

It was the Host who was in a deep sleep on the throne of the Palace, Leticia Draculea who posed a real threat. And she was also the greatest treasure to those who knew of the truth.

“.....”

The beautiful eyes did not seem to move under those eyelids and she seemed like a doll at first glance. But the coloration of her skin that indicated the flow of blood and the sound of her breaths were evidence enough that she was alive.

Although she did not seem to have any intent to move.

It is hence inevitable for people to come to a wrong conclusion that she might be an antique.

It would definitely be a picturesque moment if the blonde flowing hair could be blown by a blast of fresh wind to fan out behind her. But sadly, the corridor that leads to the throne room was barricaded by a set of large heavy set doors and air was stale.

As long as no one opens those large doors, the blonde hair would not be disturbed.

As long as a fearless challenger appears and is able to get pass the eyes of the huge dragon.

“.....?”

Suddenly, a slight breeze ruffled those blonde strands.

Simultaneously, a melodious voice wafted over with the sounds of a clapping that was out of sync.

“London Bridge is broken down.”

“Broken~Broken~!”

“Build it up with silver and gold.”

“Build it~Build it~!”

“Silver and gold will be stolen away. Stolen away. Stolen away. Silver and gold will be stolen away, My fair lady.”

“Is that so~What do we do then~♪ ..... I say, Nania-chan. What does that last bit of “My fair lady” mean?”

The woman who sang that melodious song and the young girl who accompanied it with her out of beat clapping... or should she be called a teenager(?), tilted her head in a cute way.

Short flaxen hair with the facial features of a medieval person, it made it difficult to distinguish her gender from her appearance. But it wasn't rare to find those who were of dual genders as well. Besides, that sort of stuff was only a minor detail that we should not sweat about for this person. It was the warm and kindly smile and behavior that bestowed a sense of a charming good will to all who saw her.

On the other hand, the female whose lyrics had been clapped along a little while ago—the woman who was addressed as Nania-chan, had a wry smile as her hand was pulled along by her companion.

“It refers to the female sacrifices who were buried into the pillars of the London Bridge in order to prevent its collapse..... Anyways, Eury, I’m currently a board member in the Alliance at the very least. Even if we are friends as well as allies, calling me Niania-chan is a little too much, don’t you think so? Didn’t Orpheus-sensei say that we should observe civility even while interacting with our friends?”

“Fufu, Orpheus would not say such a thing. Moreover, such a beautiful name of Canaria is not befitting of a person such as yourself. A name with greater impact and strength would be better suited for you. That, I can be sure!” The flaxen haired girl snorted as she opined.

But though she might opine that a name that gave a majestic feel was necessary, she continued to use the casual nickname of Niania-chan in the meantime. Clearly, she was a person with strong opinions while not giving any of those opinions any deeper thought.

Canaria and Eury. Their messing around broke the silence as they approached the throne. Leticia who was in her eternal slumber was also unable to ignore the duo as she opened her glazed eyes.

“..... what a surprise. Hearing the name of Orpheus, the poet who belongs to the Greek mythologies in this place. Does it mean that the gods have finally made their move to bring judgement against the Vampire king?”

The stone cobbled corridor rang with the perceptive and authoritative voice.

Therefore, the two intruders stopped their banter.

Simultaneously, they wiped their smiles and adjusted their postures to kneel and bow before the throne.

“Please forgive our sudden visit, your Highness, Leticia Draculea. I’m Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, the poet of the Greek mythologies. Please call me Eury.”

Eury and Canaria bowed respectfully.

Whereas Leticia nodded her head in understanding after staring at the duo with her red eyes.

“I see. I heard that the song and harp of Orpheus is able to lull various magical beasts to sleep..... But I thought that you would be a young kid. It’s really surprising to find that you are actually a grown woman.”

“Hoho, I’ve also heard that comment from many others as well. I do like to go in the disguise as a child. After all the differences of race, gender and appearance are merely decorations.”

“.....Hmph. It sure does feel like the presence of a Nymph. Is this youthful appearance a temporary vessel as well?”

“Your wise eyes are truly admirable. Mah, but please be at ease. I’m just a wanderer who’s unrelated to the Greek mythology faction. I’ve only come here at a spur of the moment for a little fun.”

And Eury fluttered her eyelids at Leticia. It was an unseemly act from another man's wife but since it was a false appearance, let's just let this flirty pretense slide for now.

Leticia's gaze shifted away from Eury to focus on Canaria.

It was no wonder that it would turn out like this. Although it wasn't comparable to Leticia's very own, Canaria possessed a head of beautiful blonde hair that seemed to fit her name.

But her dressing was lacking in adornments as it was just a white long coat and some plain clothes. The only thing that could be counted as decorative would be those conch shell earrings.

Judging by the standards of an adult female, there was nothing about her that could be described as sexy at all.

Not being allowed any ornate jewelry, it would mean that she's just an attendant to Eury?—Leticia came to that conclusion but suddenly narrowed her eyes to question.

“Oi, that female attendant over there.”

“.....An attendant? Ah, you mean me? Hai, Hai, what's your orders, O' Vampire Demon Lord-sama?”

Canaria acted the fool's role as she returned with a question.

However, Leticia did not bother about that as her red eyes lit up with an inner light as she pointed at the blonde hair.

“That blonde hair..... it isn't yours from the start right?”

Ho? Canaria was very surprised as she accepted that accusation.

“Mhm, you can say so. It is the prided blond hair given to me by my old friend. So, what about it?”

“I thought so. Such beautiful blonde hair shouldn't belong to a Human. Hence, that blonde hair,— was it a Gift bestowed by some other race?”

The red eyes started to take on a dangerous glint.

That color was one of wrath, blame and even that of sadness. Canaria had initially wanted to return a question regarding that sudden connection drawn in Leticia's question but remembered the ordeal that Leticia went through upon receiving that gaze.

“I see. You suspect that my blond hair is an item obtained from the Vampire race. ..... Hng Hng, it would then explain a great deal about our presence in this place as well. Just for two wandering travelers to enter this area is already a high level difficulty to overcome. It would be more plausible to think of us as the spies of the traitorous descendants, right?”

What a headache. Canaria even pretended to be funny by giving a shrug of her shoulders.

And Leticia took that as a confession.

“—so that means, you are my enemies?”

“Who knows. The Human race isn’t that easy to be differentiated into the groups of foe or friends. Looking at things that meet the smallest common multiple isn’t going to give you the full picture you know? I think it’s better to consider the universe, world, from multiple angles.”

“Ah Re? Isn’t it already possible to create a Cosmology with two or more causations?”

“Eury, that’s not what I’m talking about currently.”

The duo were meeting the interrogation with a carefree attitude while giving a smile to Leticia.

To put it simply, it was just a roundabout way to express the desire such as “Let’s have our conversation for a while longer?”. But Leticia ignored their little drama.

“There’s no need for further discussion. Because I’ve no intention of letting you two leave this magical lair alive even if it does not relate to the bloodlines.”

Shadow teeth covered the space around the throne.

That gesture was already similar to the owner of the demonic mansion that has its prey positioned to be swallowed into the belly. With the command from Leticia, Canaria and the other would instantly be chewed up by the shadowy teeth.

The shadowy teeth seemed like centipedes as they crept around the throne and separated the two parties.

Canaria and Eury moved closer to each other wordlessly and they backed up against each other with a wry laugh.

“This means that..... you have no intention to listen to us? What a headache. I had only wanted to ask you about some stuff as wisdom from the earliest [Origin Candidate].”

“Oi Oi Nia Nia-chan, what’s gonna happen to us if you make her angry?

“What to do? As long as we leave some impression on her, that’s also counted as an achievement right?”

“Even if it is a bad impression?”

“It’s better than not having an impression. Our self-introduction is also completed, it’s about time for us to leave as well.”

“Houh, you still plan to escape?”

The sharp gaze from the throne pierced through the both of them. Suddenly, their bodies became immobile just as though they had been tied up by something. Their internal body's blood circulation was also slowing and their skin were also losing its red hemoglobin coloration. Noticing that it was a curse on the flow of blood within their bodies, Canaria gave a fearless smile while placing her finger to her lips.

"Mah, I will just take my leave at this. We will meet again shortly. I will also tell you about the continuation of the story on the Vampires that you are so interested about. —Fare thee well, Blonde My fair lady."

The teeth transformed into thousands of spears and arrows and they were launched towards the duo. Engulfing them with the shadows, a tumultuous frenzy of violent winds joined the fray to rip apart the duo to ensure the cleansing of every possible scrap of their physical existence. Tearing their skins and crushing through their bones, it was a net of arrows and spears that hardly had space between them as they formed an enclosure. The targeted prey would surely be unable to escape from this trap by taking to the skies as well. The violent slashing and chopping of the shadow blades carried a pressure that couldn't be judged from its thin and flat appearance.

And seemingly like a torrent of rain and thunder, the shadow teeth continued to rain down on the area for more than a minute.

The area between the throne and the bombarded area was crumbling as it started to collapse upon itself.

The stone walls and floor were shattered beyond recognition.

".....Hmph."

Looking at the two corpses<sup>[1]</sup> without a flicker of interest, Leticia once again closed her eyelids as she planned to fall asleep—

"Fare thee well, Blonde My fair lady"

".....?!"

".....?!"

Leticia's eyes were jerked awake by the voice. The corpses which were supposed to be lying on the ground had vanished to god knows where. No, that wasn't all.

The rock walls and floors were not stained by the smears of blood anymore and instead, it looked to be in the same state of as it was before the damages.

The area between the throne and the doorway that was badly smashed by the shadowy teeth and the storm of a thousand spears— had resumed its silence as though nothing had happened a moment before.

"..... seems like they are not ordinary vermin." Leticia observed with a majestic air while a tone of displeasure leaked into her voice.

Following that, she felt a pain at the back of her throat.

And guessed that it must have been caused by the conversation held after such a long time of silence.

Indeed, it has been a long time since she last spoke to anyone.

It was ever since the time that Leticia experienced the rebellion from the vampires and cried out in the voice of a thousand rage and agony as she cleansed the rebels.

“—You bastards..... You do not even deserve the reprieve called death.....!”

“\_\_\_”

It was unsatisfactory to send them to their deaths.

They weren't even allowed to die.

Their bodies were scorched, impaled with stakes and completely destroyed to return to the ground as ash.

.....How it all ended was also a mystery to Leticia.

Perhaps they were all dead or there might be a few survivors who were lucky to escape. That sort of thing did not matter.

If, If the rebels were still alive—

“Even after a thousand years, they are still aiming to take my head? Seems to me that they really want to kill me. —Fufu, fine. I will really cleanse them to the last of them this time.

Her lips gave a slight curve at the edges, filled with an unfathomable bloodlust, as she closed her eyes once more.

She swore that the next time she opened her eyes— will be the time that she rages as a Demon Lord once more.

## Part 2

— [No Name] Headquarters.

When Leticia came to, she was already lying on a bed.

After blinking her eyes a few times and shaking to clear her head, she heard the voice of Izayoi who noticed that she had awoken

“Morning. Are you awake, Jijochō<sup>[2]</sup>? ”

“.....Good Morning, goshuujin-sama. This is?”

“The headquarters of [No Name]. You were sent here not too long ago. — but let’s confirm this. Do you still remember what happened?” Izayoi asked Leticia as he kept away his smile.

It was a question to confirm her consciousness.

Leticia turned her wavering gaze to the ceiling as she tried her best to recall.

The sensation of pain all over her body was a reminder of what the battle left on her. Since it was mentioned that she had to be sent back, it would mean that the injuries were grievous and needed his care. Moreover, it was probably over a week from the sensation of numbness in her hand.

The injuries were grievous. There was a strong analgesic sensation in her lower body and it was one that she had experienced before. It was most probably the result of having her upper and lower bodies ripped to bits.

If it weren’t for the regenerative powers of the vampire race, she would surely be dead—thinking up to that point, she finally recalled the reason.

“I remember.....being in my dragon form when Aži Dakāha tore.....right, what happened to Aži Dakāha?!”

Leticia tried to prop her body up forcefully.

And the mere action caused a shoot of pain from her abdomen.

“GuBionicMeerkat ([talk](#)) 19:30, 17 June 2015 (UTC)!!!”

“Good, good. If you feel pain, then that’s normal.” Izayoi gave a loud laugh.

Although Leticia was teary eyed from the pain, which was a rare sight, she got the grasp of the situation from his casual reply.

“.....is that so. We won?”

“—..... Mah, I guess you can say it that way. Anyways, what matters is that we are safe. I will go call Kuro Usagi and the others.”

“Ara, there’s no need for that.” There came the sound of the door opening.

It was time for the change in shift to watch over the patient.

Asuka and Kuro Usagi entered together.

Upon seeing Leticia, who had regained her consciousness, Kuro Usagi immediately rushed over with tears and snot streaming from her face.

“Le, Le.... Leticia-sama.....!”

“Calm, Calm down Kuro Usagi. I’m fine, here, clean up your leaking nose.”

Leticia took a tissue to dab the tears and wipe the snot that flowed down Kuro Usagi’s face in a stream.

Kuro Usagi also started to calm down at her request.

She then straightened her usagimimi, puffed her chest and held her head high as she made her report.

“Perhaps you might have already found out, we have successfully defeated that Great Demon Lord. With that, the world of Little Garden will not be threatened by Aži Dakāha ever again!”

“Is that so. ....Congratulations, Kuro Usagi. With that, you have also completed one of your revenge. You must be feeling a weight off your shoulders right?”

Leticia propped herself on the bed as she asked in a matter of fact.

But Kuro Usagi responded with the widening of her eyes and a quiet shake of her head.

“.....No, Kuro Usagi didn’t know. Kuro Usagi did have that sort of thought before the battle..... but now, Kuro Usagi’s satisfied with just the sight of Leticia-sama and everyone else coming back safe and sound.” Giving a shy smile while scratching her usagimimi.

However, Leticia widened her eyes upon hearing those words as if they had impacted her violently.

“— that’s such a foolish thought. I say, if you really want to take revenge, you should not—“

And she recalled a time long past.

From a time long past that a friend had accepted this body which was frozen by the curse.

“..... I see, Ah. No, that’s right. The safety of our comrades is the most important thing. There isn’t a reward better than that which exists in the world..... Damn it, how can it be. It seems like I’ve not awaken fully. What a fool I am to forget such an important thing.”

Leticia covered her face with one hand as she frowned in regret for her words.

It must have been due to the dream that she had about her past. The curse that she had carried, seemed to announce its presence by torturing the body.

Kuro Usagi who did not know the cause for this, twitched her usagimimi as she thought that it was the fault of something she had said.

“Le, Leticia-sama? Was it something that Kuro Usagi should not have said.....?”

“No, that’s not it. The fault lies with me. Although it was unintentional, I’ve demeaned your words. Sorry, please forget what I said earlier.”

Saying that, she collapse onto the bed in exhaustion. Witnessing Leticia in such a confused state was a rare sight indeed. It might not be too strange to call it an amazing sight as well.

Speculating that Leticia is in a state of confusion due to the grievous injuries, Asuka clapped her hand to close the topic.

“Since Leticia is awake, let’s go tell Kasukabe-san and the children. I’m sure they will be overjoyed.”

“Y, YES! We must thoroughly celebrate it!”

“That’s absolutely right. .... Ah, Ojou-sama needn’t help out with the preparations. After all, Alma has enthusiastically prepared your new assignment.” Izayoi gave a laugh that caused Asuka to turn back her head with cold sweat beading her forehead.

“..... That’s unbelievable. How many games does she want me to participate in this week?”

“This is the price of having such a capable Spartan instructor as your shikigami. Just accept it obediently.”

“YES! Alma-sama is fairly wise. She’s sure to groom Asuka-san for the better! ..... Come to think about it, what’s the topic that she’s chosen for you?” Kuro Usagi tilted her usagimimi as she asked.

Asuka on the other hand, shook her head in loathe, “It’s just basic knowledge of attacking the Game and other applications. But, no matter how many times I’ve heard it, I’m still unable to comprehend it. It’s just like some exam of the liberal arts that is completely ambiguous in its sense.”

“Is that so? What is it like?”

“What I can’t get the most is the topic of “setting aside the gods while explaining the myths”. We are currently using Perseus as the material for reference but I still can’t get what comes after what.” Asuka raised her hands as she shook her head.

On the other hand, Kuro Usagi put aside her smile as she closed her eyes in wonder.

“..... is that so. It’s already, to that stage huh?”

“What?”

“No, Nothing, please don’t mind that. — Ah, right. Would Leticia-sama like to appear for the memorial service held tomorrow for the war dead?”

It was the memorial held for the various deaths that occurred during the battle with the Demon Lord.

Although there wasn’t any casualties from the [No Name], there were quite a number of deaths in the other Communities. [Will o’wisp] which was in close relation to the [No Name]s was no exception to that as well.

The memorial service would surely be of a large scale with the various religions attending the event.

“..... No, let me attend as well. Without their sacrifice, we would not have been able to attain this victory. I wish to present a bouquet of fresh flowers to the soldiers who have fought valiantly alongside us.”

“Okay, I will pass that on to Sala.”

We will take our leaves, the trio waved and left the room.

Leaving Leticia alone in the room, it soon returned to its silence.

Following that, there came a fresh breeze from the window.

The curtains billowed out like a fan and red leaves that announced the arrival of autumn landed on the bed.

Picking up a leave that is dyed red, Leticia laughed in reminiscence.

“The lives of the comrades are more important than seeking revenge? Fufu..... That child sure is your daughter, Canaria. Only knowing how to move forward without looking back.”

Calling out the name of her friend with much irony and warmth.

Leticia lay on the bed as she closed her eyes to pray while seemingly to caution herself.

To not repeat the mistake in the current time— she hoped to dream of the encounter with her friend in the dream world once more.

## Part 2

### Part 1

—The Airborne Citadel. Garden in the courtyard.

The sound of the maidens' laughter could be heard coming from the courtyard where the red rosaceae<sup>[1]</sup> were in full bloom.

Leticia was pulled along by Carla-Jijochō by the hand as they made their way to the tea party hosted by her sister. The second queen of the Vampires— Lamia Draculea's face lit up immediately upon seeing Leticia, her elder sister's arrival.

“Really now! The eldest daughter of the royal family who’s always engrossed with the matters of the training grounds has appeared for tea? Pray tell me what sort of wind have blown you here?”

“There’s no need to put it that way, Lamia. I also have plans to cultivate a hobby of attending female social events.”

“Ara, ara, my, my. What a surprising statement, I wonder who’s speaking. Hasn’t my sister Highness appeared in all the social events in a tuxedo which is typically male? Isn’t it the same for the dance steps? You do know that the number of ladies who have their hearts enamored by the beauty of the queen who leads them around the dance hall is quite a sizable number, right?”

Lamia gave a giggle as she teased her sister.

“That sure is harsh,” Leticia muttered as she sat down.

Although the both of them were sisters of the royal family, their positions were different even if they were kin.

The eldest daughter, Leticia, has been brought up as a warrior to succeed the throne while the second daughter, Lamia, was brought up as a princess who was apt in handling foreign associates.

To put it bluntly, Lamia was only a strong political chess piece in the royal family.

She would either be married to a Community within the Alliance to stabilize their ties or be married into a wealthy vampire family to consolidate the power of their race. Those were the top two probabilities. The knight getup of Leticia in contrast to the gorgeous dress of Lamia revealed the mirror opposites of their situation.

It wasn’t clear whether Lamia was being sour about this arrangement but she continued to make digs at Leticia while giving a sly smile.

“Why not take up some embroidery, my sister Highness? Merely training in swordplay will not help you capture the heart of a guy, you know?”

“Hm Hm, indeed. I can’t even brew a pot of delicious black tea. Randomly asking a hundred people would surely return with a hundred replies of them wishing you to be their brides.”

Using her heart felt words in response to the dig at herself, Leticia guessed that it would be for the best to honestly agree with her sister’s words since her character wasn’t really fated to be one to be in love anyway.

And with that, the bad person would be the one who gave the sarcastic remark.

Lamia immediately kept away her smile and pouted.

“.....Mah, that’s not confirmed. There might just exist a guy who would fall for an usual woman like you, my sister highness.”

“Lamia-sama. Those words are too impolite to her Highness, Leticia.” Carla who had been standing by the side quietly spoke up unhappily.

Seemingly in the defense of her master, Carla then gave a smile that made clear of her teasing attitude as she poured a cup of black tea that was specially brewed with the flowers of the rosaceas in the garden.

“Driving away the dragon kind, Her Highness Leticia with her long flowing blonde hair is just like a flower on the battlefield. Officers who aspire to be like our Highness are also numerous. Moreover, the mere mention of the Vampire Princess General would immediately bring up a vision of the most impressive female in the world of Little Garden. Hence the number of courageous suitors is definitely not in the small numbers, you know?”

“.....I see. Then, is there a brave champion who has caught my sister Highness’s fancy?” Lamia asked uneasily.

Leticia shook her head and gave a depressed wry smile.

“How’s that possible? A vampire like me would be far from the fate of being a target for suitors and love itself. Moreover, I do not have any plans for starting up a family before the stabilizing of all the matters concerning the inheritance of the throne.”

Hearing Leticia’s answer, Lamia nodded her head happily.

“Ye, Yes, that’s right! Although I said it that way earlier, my sister highness is a great person and a treasure of the Vampire race. There can’t exist a man who befits your glory.”

“It’s just as Lamia-sama puts it. If anyone wants to propose to our Princess General, they would have to defeat the No.1 and No.2 fan club which is us!”

Carla threw her head back as she puffed her chest to make that declaration and Lamia’s cheeks reddened in embarrassment.

Leticia did not seem to notice that as she laughed it off, “What’s this? Wouldn’t that make it impossible for the candidate to be someone who isn’t unusually brave and courageous to take

on this challenge? Carla's swordsmanship is astounding and even I would at least have to concede in a match out of three."

HmHm. Carla-Jijochō and the second princess nodded their heads in unison.

Leticia sipped at her black tea, suppressing her mirth. Relaxing in the fragrance of the rosacea garden while overlooking the courtyard below, she then clapped her hand as she seemed to have remembered something.

"But come to think about it, it isn't necessary for the other party to be a brave soul."

"Aie?"

"What's that about?"

"Just think about it, didn't the Community of [Thousand Eyes] enlist the help of several Demon Lords? The people whom they hope to help out as their appointed [Floor Masters]."

"Aah. You mean those people? I remember that it's the "Laplace Demons" and "ShiroYoru Maou".... Also known as the ShiroYoruOu?"<sup>[2]</sup>

"Right. And isn't ShiroYoruOu one of the most ancient powerhouses? If it were those people, even if they can't be my fiancé, they would be suitable to be Lamia's marriage candidate."

"Ara, did I just find trouble for myself?" Lamia gave a laugh as the arrow was returned to her.

—[Thousand Eyes], is a large scale trading Community that situated its Headquarters in the Outer Gate of the Two digits of sixty-nine, would probably be the only one who could directly interfere with the activities of the lower levels with their scale (level). The number of flags that rally under the flag of [Thousand Eyes] were sizable as they seek the protection of its scale. Therefore, [Thousand Eyes] is renowned as a special Community formed by many Community affiliates. It is said that the original name of the organization was something else but the person who carried that information seems to be gone by now.

It was the sort of Community that would promise to lend its powerful combat strength when its affiliates were in need and it would be the best strategy to use this opportunity to deepen their bilateral relations.

It was definitely an impeccable plan to have them as the marriage candidate of the second princess.

However, Carla shrugged her shoulders and shook her head in reply.

"It's a pity that it cannot turn out that way. ShiroYoruOu and Laplace are known to be female Demon Lords. Moreover, those Demon Lords..... Eh, they are not people who can be tied down by normal contracts."

"Hou? You have met them?"

Hearing Leticia's question, Carla shook her head.

She then put away her usual smile of merriment as she spoke again in a whisper, seemingly in the midst of telling a secret.

"ShiroYoruOu was only summoned after the repaying of her sins at the Buddhist faction, so there's no need to worry about that part..... but for the other Demon lord, there seems to be a few bad talk about the [Laplace Demon]. It is said to be working in the shadows with the Demon Lord who appeared in the West Side— [Dystopia]."

"[Dystopia]?"

"I've not heard of that Demon Lord before. But if it is summoned in the West Side, it should be a Nordic Demon Lord right?"

Leticia and Lamia looked at each other, but since it was summoned within the Western regions, it shouldn't be a worry, they thought.

This is because the directions of the compass within the world of Little Garden is closely related to that of the Outer world.

Those that were summoned from Eastern Asia would appear in the East Side, while those summoned from the Western Nordic countries and the Middle East would typically appear in the West Side.

The West was ruled by the Slavic and Nordic god factions and it was also inhabited by many demons that were the symbols of bad omens.

The South was a region of abundance and harvest. Due to the various groups that were mixed in the region, it was not possible to trace the origins of them all. Although it's a rough description, but the division of Little Garden was something like that.

And among the regions, there were many who chose to migrate from the West Side, which is the biggest region of all.

The Greek gods, Roman Gods, Celtic Gods and the gods of the Ulster Cycle have relocated with their throngs of heroes. And it made no sense at all that they would do that sort of thing because of the appearance of a new Demon Lord.

However, Carla's expression became grave in her attempt to deny the speculations of the duo.

"It's a pity that we are still unable to obtain any information on the true identity of the Demon Lord. Whether it is a Demon Lord born from the West or another Demon Lord altogether, it was something that bothered me enough to send some spies. And the report that they brought back was really frightening .....Would you like to hear to report?"

Using her gaze, she directed the question to Leticia.

Fortunately for them, there were only royal family members present in the area.

“Lamia. Let’s keep this between ourselves.”

“Don’t worry. It is my hobbit to pretend as a forgetful lady.”

“HngHng. My highnesses are really very understanding. I’m feeling proud to be your chief maid.”

Carla gave a slight smile but immediately kept it away as she pulled out the reports from her Gift Card. The three sheepskin scrolls were stamped with the insignia of a red branch.

“The insignia of a red branch.....isn’t that a secret report sent in by a knight of [Ulster]?”

“And it is a fairly huge Community within the Celtic God faction too.”

“That’s right. It’s a report sent by a young lad named Sétanta<sup>[3]</sup>, who returned the way he came at an astonishing speed after handing over the secret documents. HmHm, those strong legs would surely give the illusion of being a flash of lightning or wind itself when he ran. Well, he did say that he had another location that he had to rush off to and I did feel that spiritual power contained within him to be one of a demigod. He looked to be a promising youth too— Aiya, let’s get back to the topic. Regarding the contents of the secret report, it would really be an earth-shattering matter if it were not a lie. The truth is that the indigenous Celtic Gods have been wiped out.”

Leticia frowned as she doubted her ears.

Among the indigenous gods, there were a range of power levels that had the inferior ones mixed within the jumble as well.

Including the Earth Gods and Sea Gods, there were also the Sky Gods that numbered significantly in their total. The gods for small streams were also counted as indigenous gods in a sense and it should be those that were affected greatly.

However, Carla seemed to have anticipated that sort of misunderstanding and she added to clarify the doubt.

“Your Highness, Leticia, this is no figure of speech. It is just as the phrase is meant to be. They were wiped out. Starting with the Sky god of Taranis, God of the fallen skies Albiorix, many other big named gods have been seeked out and wiped out.”<sup>[4]</sup>

“You must be lying.....!”

“Impossible!? Not deaths but the complete wipe out of their Divine spirits?!?”

Leticia slapped the table as she exclaimed.

Lamia was taken aback by the reaction of her usually cool and calm elder sister who was clearly shaken to this extent and she asked apprehensively, “My sister highness, divine spirits are also a type of life aren’t they? Being defeated by evil and dying is also possible isn’t it.....?”

“No, that’s not the case. —Right, that’s not possible. Divine spirits that exist would always have a resummoning system even after their deaths. But to actually say it as ..... a wipe out? Surely, a Demon Lord who possess such strength cannot exist!”

“Nope, your Highness, Leticia. Have you forgotten? A Demon lord that exist with the possession of that strength and is the exception to that rule? The cornerstone of the ancients and that which is undefeated till today..... they, who are given the title of “Godslayers”.”

Reading between the lines, Leticia drew a breath in surprise.

In the world of Little Garden where the gods reside, heroes who possessed the accomplishments of having slain gods were not in the minorities. Just from that accomplishment alone, some have obtained Gifts and for some others, titles. Great strength, a wealth of knowledge and the aid of luck made such feats possible.

However, those were only hypocritical titles. False victories. The real [Godslayer] in every aspect of its title that is feared by the gods are the Demon Lords who possess such a title.

“..... A [Last Embryo]?Is the Demon Lord, [Dystopia] who appeared in the West one of those?”

“That’s still uncertain. But there are many gods who would reckon it to be so. Apparently the [Paradigm Shift] that should occur in the Celts currently, no, it should be called Europe in this case, is in a temporary dissolution and it is going to greatly affect the future generations to come. The soon to be completed Akashic records would also be aborted as a result of that too.”<sup>[5]</sup>

Leticia folded her arms before her chest as she digested Carla’s speculations.

Initially with an interest to know a little about the happenings of the outside realms, the described situation had exceeded her imaginations.

The annihilation of a mythology group of Gods was bound to have an unimaginable effect on the world. It was a huge matter that could cause the current timeline to distort.

That is because—the spiritual levels of a mythology group is closely related to the histories of Humans in the Outer World.

Gods are the congregation of spiritual powers that are born from the belief of the Human race such as the anthromorphication of historic events, the attaining of Divinity by conquerors, the idolization of ancestors and various means.

Hence the annihilation of a mythological group would mean the changing of Mankind’s history.

Therefore, a system of resummoning was made to prevent the changing of history.

However, if the system were unable to function in its resummoning of the gods from the world’s timeline, it can only mean that the portion of the Celtic Gods were completely blotted out of the history of Mankind.

“The lucky portion who survived the attack managed to escape to the other mythological factions but it doesn’t look like they will be reviving their mythological faction any time soon. The elder god Dagda<sup>[6]</sup> escaped with the <Lebor Gabála Éren>. Whereas the goddess Scáthach<sup>[7]</sup> who escaped to the Nordic mythologies have started to take in disciples to rebuild combat strength.”

“What about God of the Sun, Lugh<sup>[8]</sup>? The position as the strongest combatant of the Celtic mythological faction is held by him, isn’t it?”

Leticia’s expression was anxious as she questioned.

Regarding Lugh, the Sun god, he’s a very famous leader of the gods and possess many strong Gifts with the divine spear as his symbolic weapon of choice.

Could it be that he too, or so she had wanted to ask, but Carla shook her head to reject that speculation.

“It is still too early to determine from the unconfirmed reports..... it seems like the Sun god Lugh had escaped to head into the Celtic Mythologies to summon a new strongest species in order to bring down [Dystopia].”

“.....That is really, quite a desperate move.”

“Well, that is something that they have no choice as well. After all if things were to continue as they were, it would lead to the annihilation of the Celtic mythologies. Then, even the gods would not be able to escape from the fate of falling to the level of [No Name].”

[No Name] — A community that has its Flag and Name stolen and fallen as a result. Gods are built from the worship of believers. Therefore falling to the state of [No Name] was akin to being unable to rebuild or regain their former glory ever again.

And understanding the magnitude of the situation, Leticia hugged herself as she muttered in a broken whisper.

“[Dystopia]..... A Demon Lord possessing such a level of power actually appeared in the world of Little Garden. What’s the faction of origin? Could it be some sort of Divinity holder from somewhere?”

“There’s no way for us to be certain, Nor can we do away with the possibility that he is without any support from any other mythological factions. Mah, however, it must surely be the work of a Demon Lord who holds a special Gift or cosmology. And since I’m given the title of the [Knight of Little Garden], there will be no escaping the opportunity to cross swords with him. I will just have to be cautious then.”

“Mhm. No matter the strength of the Demon Lord, as long as it is against my sister Highness, there will be no need for fear. With the Vampire Race led by our Princess General, we will definitely take the head of that Demon Lord.”

The second queen in line clasped her hands before her bosom as she spoke with confidence in her words.

That sort of confidence would surely stir up pleasant feelings for the listener, but Leticia was still uneasy about the whole matter.

*(If the Human history were to undergo a massive change, the futures of our Vampire race will also be affected. We are just a race summoned from the longest reaches of Human history. This matter would surely have affected our genetic inheritance by quite a bit.)*

The Vampires were a race summoned from the distant future and they were the protectors of the phylogenetic tree.

The symbolic characteristic of their race that makes them “unsuitable for Sunlight” is probably due to the futuristic unusual activity emitted from the Sun that would engulf the entire planet called Earth. Starting with the unusual solar activity, the radiations emitted from the Sun would drive the Human race to the brink of extinction. However, it was those who seek to escape that impending end that became the ancestors of the Vampire race. In the attempt to escape the Sun that is harmful to the human body, the people who migrated to the satellite, which traces a trajectory around the Earth’s equator, would become the Vampire Race or so it was recorded in the documents. To put it simply, in the history of Mankind, Vampires were once Humans.

Although that does not answer the question about the vampirism ability and it is still a puzzle until today.

— However, everything happens for a purpose and the Vampires knew that for a fact by their instincts.

And it was that instinct of their race that was pinging the alarms in Leticia’s head.

This incident would cast a shadow on the Vampire Race.

“..... The ascension ceremony should be held as soon as possible.”

“Ara. My Highness Leticia is getting pumped up?”

“Perhaps, just a little. Carla, continue to follow up on the investigations on [Laplace Demons]. And Lamia, please do forget the conversation we had today.”

“I understand. After all, this matter is too dangerous for talk among flowers in social events.”

The trio exchanged a solemn look and nodded.

It was then that they noticed the Sun already on its way down from the horizon, signaling that they had spent a considerable amount of time for their conversation.

Leticia then stood up, preparing to head to her father’s office.

“I will have to report this matter to my father, his Highness. At the same time, we must start preparing to protect the survivors of the Celtic mythological faction. Carla, follow me.

“Yes mdm, my liege. ..... On the other hand, Lamia-sama. My apologies for bringing such a heavy topic to the tea party. I promise to bring much more interesting topics the next time.”

“Don’t worry about that. I will request the payment from my sister Highness.”

“As expected of Lamia, my Highness. Then, please place the tab on my Highness, Leticia.”

“Aiya, what an incorrigible pair of my maid and my sister.”

Indeed. Lamia giggled as she sent the duo off with her eyes.

“—Farewell, my sister Highness. I will look forward to tasting the tea brewed by the royal hands of my elder sister.”

“Got it. I will spare a little time to practice that a little.”

Leticia swung a coat over her shoulders as she left the atrium with a smile hanging on her lips. She was planning to surprise her sister in the next tea party.

The lands inhabited by the Celtic god faction was one that viewed black tea as the water of life. The harvest gods would surely have the best tea leaves. The image of her sister’s surprised look floated to the surface of her thoughts.

In that case, there is a need to protect them well. Leticia wore a happy smile—

## Part 2

—those blessed moments.

... and the important promise with her sister.

Thinking about the things which will never be realised ever again....., she sobbed quietly on the throne alone.

## Part 3

Within the cold and deserted throne room, there came only the sound of fallen tears echoing in the silence.

There was not a sound of any wind.

Not a sound of people’s voices.

Not a sight of any bureaucrat bustling around on his job.

Not a single knight shouting in their practice and drills.

And there wasn't the presence of her talkative maid nor her sister who admired herself.

There was only the sound of tears that sounded like beautiful gens falling upon the throne occupied by the Demon Lord.

It also meant that the throne was filled with emptiness.

“.....A dream of the past, huh.”

It has been a long time since those days.

Having been in a deep sleep for countless years, Leticia wasn't sure if she could keep track of the years anymore. But she would dimly make it out to be a hundred years or twice that amount. However, if she went by reason, it should be a thousand years.

Leticia who inherited the throne was merged with the dragon and hence obtained immortality. However, the lifespan of Vampires outside of the royal bloodline was roughly two hundred and fifty years. Even if there are survivors, those betrayers would most likely have died from old age by now. Even if there were remnants of their faction, they would still be far away and unrelated to Leticia.

But—the vengeance in her heart, was one that could not be explained with reason.

Leticia Draculea had set the rule.

They were not allowed to die by immolation.

And above all, they were not allowed to die.

If the group of rebellion adherents were not completely obliterated, the fire in her chest would never be able to abate.

The intense wrath filled flames that spewed from her thousand curses and regrets— were dispelled by the shrill chirp of a little bird.<sup>[91]</sup>

“Aiya. Although I empathize with your ordeal, obliterating an entire race is seriously overboard.”

Pata!!! The huge doors that stood between the throne room and the clostiers were forcefully swung open. The fearless intruders had no intention to report their names. But that was right as well. After all, they have already introduced themselves once.

“Good evening. It's been a month since then. “**Blonde My fair lady**”, are you faring well?”

“It's just as you can see. I'm fully rejuvenated. I was just planning to find you myself if you were to make me wait any longer.”

“Ooh. Then I guess I must have arrived at the right time. Keeping you anxious and in suspense is just a spice for more fun in the game, isn't it?”

Canaria was not repentant in the slightest and was more boastful instead.

But Leticia did not rise to the bait. After all, she had no interest in this woman in the slightest and none of her words would carry across to the ears of Leticia.

Leticia's red eyes narrowed as she issued the final warning in a condescending tone.

"Here's your last chance. —Tell me the location of the Vampire village and I will spare your life."

"..... Hm? Did I mention about any survivors of the Vampire race?"

That's odd. Canaria folded her arms as she seemed to ponder her question.

This time, Leticia could not help but lift a brow at that reply.

".....Then, have they all been cleansed?"

"Who knows. Even that is a secret. Or else there would be no need for a Game would it?  
..... Ah, and it's best to refrain from saying out your desire to attempt "murder" on a poet. In this day and age, it will be a phrase that is going to invites scoffs and sniggers you know."  
Placing an index finger to her lips, Canaria happily informed Leticia.

Spreading out a sheepskin parchment, Canaria moved her quill fluently across its surface as she wrote the [Geass Roll].

"The reward for this game will be "all the information regarding the Vampires". It is up to you to challenge this Game as many times as you want and there's no need for you to place additional bets to participate in it. Challenging it repeatedly is **OK**."

".....? What is this? What do you stand to gain from this?"

"Ara, you are unsatisfied with this show of contempt towards possible gains? A heart that believes in servitude is a beautiful thing you know? Well, if you are unsatisfied with the lack of victory conditions, let's make do with the story of your past shall we?"

Smiling while poking at the sore spot of another. Leticia did not like this sort of roundabout approach but to start the search in the whole of Little Garden without any information on the Vampire whereabouts would be too much of a hassle.

More importantly, this body which was asleep for thousands of years was still dull in its movements and it was difficult to perform at her peak condition in a fight. Taking that into account, it might just be fine to take it easy in a warm up exercise.

After all, if it were to take some time in any case, taking the option of interrogating this woman might just be a good start as well.

"—Okay then, I will entertain your little Game for now."

"That's great. So let's —"

\*Pak\* Snapping her fingers. Although it was just a crisp sound similar to a popped bubble, the changes that followed that action was much more dramatic than the overturning of stars in the heavens.

By the time Leticia noticed her surroundings, she who should have been sitting on the throne was already transported to the space above the floating castle.

However, the transformations did not end there.

The airborne castle was engulfed in hungry flames and the streets were in a mess, seeming to be a scene of a war zone.

This wasn't a teleportation skill that transferred her into the skies. And it wasn't a technique to transport the skies to herself.

*(Spatial transportation.....!? No, it's not it! This is the reproduction of memories..... a Gift Game that is based on recalled memories?!)*

The unexpected level of the Game left her wide eyed and stumped for words. This wasn't a Game that summoned a Gameboard.

Or rather, this was based off a certain person's real experience and memory to provide the framework. The player was to search for the error or contradiction in history within this Gift Game of recalled memories. The evidence would be that huge dragon roaring in a frenzy below herself. Looking at the scene below from the eyes of a certain individual who experienced the last days of the Vampires, Leticia observed the huge dragon that was herself.

*(This dragon.....?!)*

Each beat of the wings cleared a space around it within the sea of clouds. With an open jaw capable of swallowing whole rivers and mountains, this was the manifestation of the strongest force as described in myths.

But, who could this memory belong to. On that day, the only ones who resisted the huge dragon could only be from the Vampire race—

“— My sister Highness!!! The battles are over! Please calm down!”

*(.....!?)*

A nostalgic and familiar voice was borne to her ears.

No—to put it accurately, Leticia was hearing the voice of the person whom these recalled memories belong to.

The beautiful blond hair of the host, whom she was watching the scene from, was in a mess. Even **her** clothes were torn and exposed **her** thighs. Whilst on **her** right hand was a glove that was emblazoned with the symbol of the royal crest.[\[10\]](#)

Narrowly missing the charge of the huge dragon in its frenzy, the host shouted in grief as *she* rode a dragon.

“My sister Highness!!! Do you not recognize me?!!— My sister Highness!!!”

Those hands of a princess which were more suited to the light touching of flowers and butterflies while walking through the garden, were now gripping the reins tightly with apparent discomfort. Swaying as *she* rode the dragon, *she* continued to cry out to jolt the memories of *herself* in *her* intended target. However, Leticia who was already lost in rage was unable to listen to any of it.

The glittery golden comb and the dress robes that were sewn with the crest of the royal family.

There was no way that Leticia could have mistaken this person for another. *She* was the person who admired herself, the one whom she loved dearly and her only sister.

(*Could this be..... How can this be.....!?*)

Yes— this were the records of the day that the Vampire race were felled, the memories that were experienced by Lamia Draculea.

## “ 『Gift Game- “Blonde My fair lady”-

### Requisites for Participation:

\*Until the player admits defeat, they are allowed to challenge this game as many times as they want.

\*The method to achieve victory is free for the player to choose (more details below).

\*As part of the premise of this game, the game masters swear that “Everything will be in line with the factual historic events”.

### Conditions for Player’s victory:

\*Save Lamia Draculea.

\*Save the Vampire Race.

\*Come to face with the sins of becoming a Demon Lord

**Oath: We hereby swear on our Name and Flag that the above described game is  
the real deal.**

*"Stamp of [Acadia] // "*

## **Part 3**

### **Part 1**

The roar of the huge dragon shook the airborne castle to its roots. It was truly the manifestation of a dragon of mythologies as a wing beat alone was enough to clear an area in the sea of clouds. Compounding to its might were the harsh rules of the [Host Master] that wiped out the Vampires of the Revolution faction within twenty days.

They who were praised in songs as the [Knights of Little Garden] were seriously outclassed in the situation of going up against a strongest type when they lack the firepower of the royal family or the main force of their race. After all, the lack of a Community's main force is equivalent to the shortage of combat strength that is of a thousand men strong.

The rebels were crunched, defeated and shot with raining thunder by the huge dragon and they subsequently died one after another. Understanding that they had not a chance of victory, the rebels frantically scrambled to escape. However, the Authority of [Host Master] that was placed by Leticia was in effect and it did not allow any rebels to leave the area.

The Vampires who were fortunate enough to survive the ordeal were shivering in fear after reading the black [Geass Roll]s that fell from the skies.

**“<<GIFT GAME NAME: “SUN SYNCHRONOUS ORBIT in  
VAMPIRE KING”>>”-**

#### **List of Participant(s):**

**\*All living things engulfed by the Circle of Animals.**

**\*Upon the disappearance of the Circle of Animals, the game will be put on hold for an indefinite amount of time.**

#### **Defeat Condition(s):**

**\*None [Death of Participants will not be counted as being unable to clear the game]**

#### **Prohibition(s):**

**\*None.**

### **Punishment(s):**

\*A time limit will be imposed upon all the participants who have targeted and fought against the leader of the game.

\*The time limit will be a continuous time loop that occurs every ten days.

\*The choice of punishment will be chosen randomly from [Impaling], [Crucifixion], and [Immolation].

\*The only way to be freed of the punishment would be to clear the game or during a pause in the game.

\*The death of the participant is not included within the conditions to be freed from the punishment and they will continue to suffer indefinitely.

### **Winning conditions of the Host:**

\*None.

### **Winning conditions of the Participant:**

\*Kill the leader of the game: [Draculea Demon Lord].

\*Kill the leader of the game: [Leticia Draculea].

\*Gather the broken fragments of the constellations, and bring the Circle of Animals to present to the throne.

\*Following the proper procedure and using the Circle of Animals that have been restored to the throne as a guide, strike the heart of the revolutionist who is bounded in chains.

**Oath:** I hereby respect the above conditions in the name of pride, our banner, and the Host Master to uphold this Gift Game.

“” “Seal”

The last of the surviving royal family—Lamia<sup>[1]</sup> Draculea read the contents of the sheepskin parchment repeatedly as her face turned pale.

“How, How can it be.....! The one who summoned this huge dragon, is actually my sister Highness, is that it...!!?”

Her voice shook as she continued to straddle her dragon ride while wondering what could have happened during the time that she was away from the castle.

Along the way, Lamia gripped the reins tightly while jockeying her dragon ride to move faster with a whip. It was also then that Lamia got a full view of the streets below her.

Rivers of blood and piles of dead bodies covered the residential areas.

Seemingly to have been impaled by stakes on the inside, their innards spilled from their mouths as they were heaped one over another. This was surely the work of the harsh game rule that was set by Leticia.

And among those corpses that were piled upon the debris, there were some that were charred black like smoldering charcoals.

*(These are..... wounds from being burnt by sunlight.....! Could it be that above this airborne castle, the Veil of Little Garden had been opened.....!!?)*

Even if one were to be of the royal family of the Vampires, who are much more resilient in battle, they would still be unable to escape death upon being shone on by direct sunlight. Although word had spread that there's a rebellion, she never would have thought that they would resort to this despicable means.

But no matter the reasons for this rage, those who fall to become Demon Lords will never be saved.

Then... at the very least, she, who stands as the remaining member of the royal family, should stand up to stop her sister. Biting down hard on her lips, Lamia Draculea steered her ride with the reins towards the huge frenzied dragon once more.

“—My sister Highness!!! The battle is already over! Please calm down!”

Lamia gave a desperate and pained cry at the top of her voice. However, her words were futile as the huge dragon continued to roar and create destruction. The atmosphere that was vibrated by its activities were enough to send Lamia and her dragon tumbling back in mid-air.

Her beautiful golden hair braids were undone and her long dress that was torn to the length of her inseams were flapping in the winds.

Another vampire, who was sweating heavily, ran over to Lamia's dragon upon noticing the rider.

“My Highness, Lamia! Are you alright?!”

“Carla! What is this about?!!”

“You just took the words from my mouth! It was said that the previous generation and the current generation of the royal family, Lamia, my Highness were given the death sentence by the usurpers of the rebels and here I was thinking about what to do now even after being fortunate enough to survive up till now.....!”

Carla’s maid uniform were tattered beyond recognition from the intense battle.

The blood-soaked clothes narrated the experience of her valor in battles.

If it weren’t for her exceptional swordsmanship that she had refined to place herself at the topmost of the Vampire race in terms of her skills alone and her capability as a Game Controller, the Vampire survivors would have already been whittled to nothing.

“I see..... Thank you, Carla, you have done a good job. Although it should have been my responsibility to protect the Vampire race in this sort of emergency.”

“Thank you for the compliment, my Highness. But Lamia, my Highness, where have you been all this time?”

“I had been on a secret mission to send messages to the Eastern Europe god factions to rally support for the goal of countering Dystopia.”

“The Eastern Europe god factions? Is it the Slavic or the Romanic?”

“It’s the Latin faction. I heard that there’s a bloodsucking species that is different from our own phylogenetic lineage<sup>[2]</sup> that has appeared and decided to go check it out. Hence, I’ve also placed a body replacement shadow double... it would seem that the girl who acted as my shadow double has been killed in my place haven’t she.....?” Grief leaked into her voice as she placed a hand on her chest.

Carla closed her eyes regretfully as well. But there was no time to mourn.

“My highness, Lamia, I understand your pain, but we cannot waste the effort of your shadow double girl who saved the bloodline of the royal family. Supposedly, we are to give a proper burial for them in a memorial service.....but we should immediately rush to a safer location if we were to honor the sacrifice of that girl who died for your Highness.”

“Wha....How, How can I do that sort of thing?! You want me to forsake my sister Highness and flee?!”

“But this is an emergency! No matter what you do, the fact that Leticia-sama has fallen to become a Demon Lord will not change! And a Demon Lord born from the royal family of the Vampire race will only erase all the accomplishments that our race have accumulated up till now! Are you okay with that?”

Carla’s appalling question left her at a loss for words.

A Demon Lord rising from a species was already a smear to the race. But if it were to arise from the royal family itself, it would definitely be a scandal that spreads across the world of Little Garden. If it were to be left alone, the race of Vampires would surely be done for.

All of the accomplishments that Leticia and the others have accumulated up till date will be trivialized..... and that was something that she absolutely would not stand for.

Besides, the development of the Guardian Organizations, the [Floor Master] system should be prioritized with the rise in power of Demon Lords who were wreaking havoc in various regions under the leadership of [Dystopia]. This is because the formation of a legal system within the world of Little Garden where the gods gather is a wish of all residents who currently live in the fear of the Demon Lords.

“My highness Lamia, please bear with it. If you aren’t around, the surviving Vampires will be lost on how to move forward from this and there will be more who will fall into darkness and become demons. And with Leticia, her Highness in this state, we can only rely on you as our leader.”

“.....Uu.....!”

Lamia clenched her teeth so tightly that it bit onto her lips. And it was the taste of her blood that restored her composure.

The royal family did not only represent the stronghold of strength or political might as the rulers of the Vampire race. It is a symbol of the organization which is on par with the significance of the Flag. The authority that is inherited from the bloodline will never be able to be recovered if it were to be lost.

“Lamia-sama..... Please make the decision.”

“..... There’s no way around it. Bring me to the others,” Lamia gave a nod as she struggled to say those words.

It was the only thing that she could do in this situation.

“The surviving members of our race have set up camp at the ground level and are observing the situation of the Huge Dragon from there. Although they are weary in both heart and mind from the battle with the rebels, I’m sure that they would be rejuvenated by the news that my Highness Lamia is still alive. Though it may be a painful decision, I do hope that you will continue to persevere for now.” Carla clenched her fist as she tried to encourage Lamia.

Despite the fatigue that she should be experiencing, not a trace of it was visible from Carla’s movements.

Lamia clapped her hands on her cheeks to straighten her thoughts. This was originally the duty of her own, a member of the royal family. Although she was brought up as a princess and hence unable to fight in actual combat, the duty was still hers to lead her comrades.

Giving a last look at the airborne castle—Lamia gave a sidelong glance at the Huge Dragon.

“—Please wait for me, my sister Highness. I will surely.... Surely come to save you.....!”

Making that oath, the two Vampires left the Huge Dragon.

The Huge Dragon’s roar grew in intensity and it reverberated through the earth and heavens.

And Lamia’s words were lost in the roars, never to be carried to the ears of Leticia.

## Part 2

To conclude from the results, they were just too naïve in their thinking.

The hardships of the Vampires had only just begun.

The poets of Little Garden saw the fall of the Vampire King as a great material for their literary works and used their songs and poems to propagate the Demon Lord’s birth to the entire world.

—They sang of the Vampires as man-eating monsters.

— They sang of the immortality of the Vampires which never grew old or die.

— And they sang of the Vampires to be demon lords who crucifies others with stakes.

The songs made up by the bards propagated across the lands and even to the outer universe (other worlds). Such was the extent of the hype that surrounded the works of the poets that records would be made in the other worlds of the bloodsuckers who devoured the corpses of their human prey as well.

Lamia, the last surviving member of the royal family, had planned to revive her race with the corrections to the rumours that sprung from the scandal. However, the only people in Little Garden who could stop the poets who were hyped up by their compositions were only countable with the fingers on a hand.

The Vampires were burdened with countless rumours and the system that they had proposed to appoint protectors for the four corners, the [Floor Masters], had been shelved and replaced by the plan to create an organization to deal with the Demon Lords.

For the sake of suppressing the Demon Lords that were growing in strength, they sought the help of war gods from famous mythological factions to be in-charge of the various sectors. And this was the rise of the mixed god faction of the twelve Adityas that would govern the twelve sectors.

They would then come to be known as the strongest war god group, the Heavenly Army.

However, they were just war gods who were specialised for battle and did not have any relation to the ideals of the Vampire’s dream of creating “prosperity within the Lower Level Communities”.

The Vampire survivors had initially disagreed with the arrangement with much enthusiasm but they were only given the cold shoulder by the majority of the world. This is due to the fact that the fall of Leticia Draculea to a Demon Lord status was an incident that continued to be a shadow that hung over their heads.

In this impossible situation that they were stuck in— Lamia continued to repeat the same words.

“— My sister Highness isn’t a monster that the bards and poets made her out to be!”

Agitated at times. Whereas cool-headed at other times. And even philosophical at some point in time, she sought to clear the stain on her sister’s name but that was only a meaningless action that took on an opposite effect.

This was all due to the poets who did not bother to clarify the truth as they spun their tales to their listeners.

The songs that they sang would become reality themselves. Such was the power of their words that it would not leave any trace of its actual history. The ones who could summarise the information and use it to change the limitlessly vast other world, can only be them who hold the position as the fourth strongest species.

The most horrible part that compounded to the problem was the straightforward attitude that they had with regards to pursuing their own amusements.

They are just a bunch of idiots if it were a typical day. However, if an interesting topic arose, they would not hesitate to use it as material for their compositions and henceforth propagate their work without a care for the positive or negative effects that it might bring. And they were being themselves when they took on the Vampires’ ordeal as their material for compositions.

The scandal of the Vampires became a legend and it was also elevated to the status of being the truth.

If they were to dump all the sins and curses onto Leticia, it might just have been possible for the Vampires to rise again to glory as a race. However, the fortunate survivors of the Vampire race did not do that.

“— My sister Highness isn’t a monster that the bards and poets made her out to be!”

Seemingly to mock the Vampires as a race and Lamia who desperately tries to protect her esteemed sister Highness’s honour, the poets and bards continued to sing their works. Needless to say, this act of devotion is likened to the most savoury dish for these people.

As a member of the royal family, Lamia was the target for the rain of curses that extended from the Western Europe to the Far East side of the world and it continued to spread further than the East and West Sides. And even then, Lamia continued to say the line.

“— My sister Highness isn’t a monster that the bards and poets made her out to be!”

Holding back the stinging tears that brimmed at her eyes, Lamia continued to repeat the same words. She was deeply pained by the songs that insulted the sister who would always be the most noble and excellent in her heart.

Carrying that fierce desire to protect her sister's honor, Lamia then took on all the curses upon herself and finally obtained a Gift that is comparable to many a million Demon gods.

If it weren't for the Paradox game of [Omnipotence Paradox] that sealed her spiritual powers, her strength would surely exceed the realm of omnipotence.

However, it had a huge price to be paid.

Scales sprang from her white unblemished skin while the gem like brilliance in her eyes were lost forever as she transformed into a monster which ate its own young or it would not be able to survive.

And this curse of devouring one's own child spelled the end of the royal family.

After all, with the last remaining member of the royal family cursed to devour her own child, it was equivalent to the end of the Vampire race. As a result, the Vampire race disbanded their Community and the fortunate survivors lived in seclusion. Whereas Lamia sealed herself to stop herself from devouring the child that she carried as there was no other way to protect the royal line otherwise.

The queen who assumed the burden of carrying the curses of her own race—cursed the world for the first time as she sealed herself in.

"To fall from our prosperous state..... the destruction of our Vampire race is also the work of fate. Even so—even if it is the case, it should not end in this way."

They, who bowed their heads to work for the good of the masses, were now dispersed by the vortex of mockery and scandals.

The heartless ending caused her to shed tears that welled from her feelings of sourness.

Was this a type of kindness? She thought to herself. She would not rest in peace if she did not straighten out the truth in the world above. However, if Lamia chose to do so, she would not be far from the birth of a new Demon Lord.

To have a second consecutive Demon Lord, it would surely give a bad name to the remaining Vampire survivors.

And being the last remaining member of the royal family, she wished to avoid that end. Although she was a foolish leader who had yet to fulfil her duty perfectly, this level of responsibility was one that she would hope to meet at the very least.

Silently enduring the bitterness that continued to squirm within herself, Lamia sealed herself in a seamless hell.

Keeping all the thousands of curses in the depths of her organs—she hoped for blessings to arrive for her kinsmen.

## Part 3

A stunned silence—....., Leticia stood unmovingly as she stared with wide eyes.

Her aggression from before had entirely dissipated. Although she stood facing her sister at the end, those ruby red eyes that were widened to their maximum were unable to reflect the sight before herself.

Exactly how many a thousand years has it been?

Not a sliver of their glory had remained. And it was only a history full of humiliation and bitterness. The observation continued to span a thousand and after the passing of a second thousand year gap, Leticia's soul finally returned to the throne.

The hosting of the Game had just been a moment since its start. The scene that first greeted her eyes was the sight of Canaria who stood in the same way that she had when she first announced the commencement of the game after the oath taking.

And Canaria who stood facing Leticia had noticed Leticia's gaze but pretended not to take notice.

Just like that, Leticia who stood in silence for more than five minutes— clenched her fists as she spoke in a quavering voice.

“..... what was that just now?”

“Ara, you would like an explanation starting from that? Is this your first time participating in a Gift Game of Recollections with regards to a historical event?”

“Even I can tell that. But the Game just now wasn't a Gift Game of Recollections. I could feel time taking on substance during in that temporal space—and that suggests a temporal difference between the stored time within the universe and the outer universe. There can't exist such a Gift Game of Recollections that give that sort of feeling.”

Leticia feinted her analytical composure as she cast her doubts on Canaria's words. Placing aside the authenticity of the contents for now, the game itself was enough to throw her off balance. This was also the reason that Leticia was able to cast aside the content to question the accuracy of the Game setting itself. And it was so questionable in many aspects that one need not start on the questionable content.

A Game of Recollections was one that required the full experience with one's own soul and body to be complete. Otherwise, it would simply be the same as a form of historical knowledge that accumulates in the mind.

The Game of Recollections that is originally used to transfer skills of martial art movements would have the characteristic of having the same flow of time in the Game as with that in the real world.

To cause the “experience accumulated in the inner world of the soul” to be inconsistent with that of the “experience of the person in the physical outer world” would only contradict with the “Game’s time of creation”. And it would result in a false report in the flow of time. Or it might even be a Game of Time Paradox.

“So, I would ask you once more. What kind of Game was that just now? Why, do you need to fool me with that history?”

Her last words were strongly emphasized and the reason for those questions finally hit home to Canaria.

“Aah, I see. You are questioning the authenticity of the Game due to the sight of your sister’s experiences? ——But, that’s unfortunate. It is clearly written in the Game contents that ‘We hereby swear that the above described game is the real deal’, isn’t it? It really is the full truth.”

“That’s nonsense!!”

Instantly, Leticia’s spiritual power swelled to fill the room as she meant to intimidate Canaria.

The shadows of the Dragon transformed into thousands of spears that surrounded Canaria. It was clearly a message from those ruby red eyes that in the case which Canaria did not deny and retract her words, all those spears would penetrate her body without hesitation. Some of those spears were also leveled at Canaria with their tips touching her neck to reinforce the message.

—if Leticia were to consider the situation calmly, she would have understood that Canaria’s words were worth considering as well.

If one were to set aside the contradiction that it had with the lapse of time, the Game just now would have been an actual Game of Recollections.

However, Leticia had chosen to immediately discard that possibility. It wasn’t a rejection of the possibility but a complete discard of the possibility. On a closer look, Leticia’s lips were blue and her finger tips were trembling while her fear was evident in her ruby red eyes. But that was only to be expected. After all, if what she had seen in that history of recollections were to be true,

The one who nullified the efforts of her sister and her clansmen—— was none other than Leticia herself.

That sort of truth was something that was difficult for her heart to bear.

“Say the truth! Why do you seek to fool me? For fame?! Or is it on the orders of another?!”

“Hey, I’m not trying to fool you. I was only using the default function of [Another Cosmology] in the Game earlier and it was to change the definition for the second that was experienced by yourself. To make that split second seem like a thousand years in your mind. This is actually a power that is supposed to accelerate the situation without interfering with the total power expended.—It’s just like that.”

\*Swish\* Canaria lightly gave a flick of her wrist and a sharp sound of the wind being sliced could be heard.

At the same time, there was a small shard that shot past Leticia’s cheek at an unusual speed. That shard which travelled at a speed comparable to the first cosmic velocity collided with the throne before falling to the ground.

Leticia was taken aback by that display but it did not hamper her thoughts. She quickly understood the meaning behind that incredible and mysterious phenomenon.

“No, No way.....! To actually change the definition of a second rather than the increase of speed of an object to give it acceleration.....?! That sort of thing is, “

“Ara, that’s not such a rare thing isn’t it? The cosmology of the Egyptian gods accord the source of oxygen to the various universes from the difference in density, don’t they? It is the same in the world of Little Garden. “A gem that can burn without the need of oxygen as fuel”, “Great Trees that can create rivers just from the absorption of moisture in the air from its leaves”. Setting aside the rules of the material world to create all these are the contradictions between the rules in cosmology and the outer universe. And it is with those contradictions that they continue to exist, don’t they? I’m only doing something similar. ..... Mah, what I’m doing with my hand is only at the drawing board stage anyways.”

Canaria happily replied in her sing-song voice. On the contrary, Leticia wasn’t as composed.

The cosmology that she talked about was the mystery of the gods. It was in a position that far exceeded any realm and was a force that even the elder gods were unable to interfere with.

However, this woman was actually talking about “being at the design stage” of developing such a comparable power. If one possessed such a degree of power, Leticia would be able to comprehend the reason for that contradiction she had experienced earlier.

“.....Then, that game just now,”

“Mhm. It is the truth and the whole truth without any shred of falsities. Those are the records of what your sister had experienced for the last days of the Vampire race.”

After all the questionings, Leticia finally accepted it as a fact.

Clank, the crisp sound of a thousand spears falling to the ground echoed in the room.

Leticia had similarly collapsed into her seat on the throne. With a pale face, bluish black lips and eyes that lost all of their radiance, she rested her elbows on the armrests of the throne as she buried her face in her hands. The scene that appeared before her eyes was the sight of her sister who was covered in scales and transformed into that grotesque being.

Her once beautiful blond hair were coarse like a faded snake's skin shedding.

Her once delicate lips had split to extend from ear to ear and housed many sharp teeth.

Even though the scandal was set in stone and her appearance had been deformed by then, Lamia, her sister, continued to fight on as a member of the royal family.

It would have been well if only she had listened to the words of that poet and pushed all the burdens of the curses to Leticia herself, ..... Lamia and her clansmen continued to protect her honor even after the occurrence of that incident. And it was a person who fell to be a Demon Lord too.

“— My sister Highness isn't a monster that the bards and poets made her out to be!”

Repeatedly saying those words with conviction.

A fury burned in her heart for all the humiliating mockery that the poets had directed her kind. However, what suppressed that with its larger intensity was the guilt that she could not forgive herself for. After all, the idea of annihilating the Vampire race wasn't one that belonged to the rebels but was born in the mind of a foolish Demon Lord.

“..... Aa.... Uu....!”

The right hand that was in contact with her cheek was moistened.

Those were not tears of sadness.

Those were tears of remorse.

And tears were the only way that her emotion could be expressed at this point in time.

Although her regret was so deep that it overflowed from her eyes, it was something that she could not put into words. It was surely the scenario that one would call as being at a loss for words. Moreover, she did not know whom to apologize to or how to apologize as well. If her death were able to make up for all her sins, she would be willing to do it a hundred, no, a thousand times over. However, she could not think of any way to make up to those people.

How she hoped for the appearance of someone who would blame her.

How she hoped for the appearance of someone who would pass judgement on her.

But those were only her wishing thinking. And that was Canaria felt as she closed in to pass her disapproval.

“Unfortunately, there is no law that exist to punish you. I would also daresay that there is no one who can judge you for your crimes. After all, the country which you are to be judged by, no longer exists in this world.”

“—.....”

Communities that were wiped out from the world of Little Garden would have their Name obliterated from all records regardless of the era that they were annexed in. And that was also the reason for the blank space on Leticia's [Geass Roll] which had once contained the name of her organization.

“..... how silly. I say, you should not have started your revenge. And you should not have made that choice to fall to the status of a Demon Lord. Be it the deaths of your family members, the massacres of your people, if you could just hide that piece of anguished regret in your heart for the remaining survivors—the Vampire race might just be more than a legend than it is today.”

However, the one who managed to do exactly that wasn't Leticia Draculea. But her sister, who acted justly in her position as a princess, Lamia Draculea.

Suppressing all her anguish and sadness deep within herself, she entered an eternal slumber.

“.... What, What can I do now?”

“Hey, how would I know? Well, let me ask you instead. What do you want to do?”

Eh? Leticia lifted her head in surprise but Canaria was much more surprised by the elicited reaction.

“What... What I want to do?”

“Yes. My work is almost done here. I've already learnt all the things I needed to know when I explored the royal tombs. I can even offer you a blank check now to request anything you want as well. ..... Ah, my goal wasn't to raid the tombs, so please don't misunderstand that. I was just there to hold a proper burial for the remnants of your parents' skeletons.

“My father and mother, his excellency and his lady..... but they were burnt to ash by the sunlight,”

“Well, that's true but I've torn down the part of the castle wall where their ash smears are to be buried. After all, it is too pitiful to just leave it there to be weathered away. And besides, I do not know of the ritual of the Vampires and only performed a simple rite with an honorary plaque<sup>[3]</sup> to mark their resting place. ..... Or could it be that I was just meddling too much?”

Canaria ended her words in a doubtful tone as she probably felt that she might have done something unnecessary.

But Leticia's eyes widened as she felt it as a different kind of blow on herself.

— Her parents had been nailed to the walls of the castle and charred by sunlight. And the ash stains had always been smeared on the walls of the castle.

And that was no burial. Instead, it was a punishment that robbed them of their deserved honor.

..... Or at least, that is what Leticia felt.

But this woman had gathered up their remains, mourned for them as the passing of the royal family members and helped to house their ashes in the royal tombs. To even place their names among the royal ancestral tablets who ruled the Vampire race before them. This is surely not an act of one who would see the Vampires as a race of monsters but one who honors them as an intelligent race which deserves a proper burial. Just from that point alone, it was able to show the difference between this poet and the rest of her kind who had taken the Vampires as amusing subjects for their literary works.

It really was an idiotic move of hers. If there was time to sleep in the spare time, there was also time to be better spent on the burial rites of her comrades.

Staring up at the skies, Leticia slowly got up from the throne.

“I sincerely thank you from my heart for giving my parents a proper burial. Thank you, lady Canaria.” Leticia offered her heartfelt thanks.

“You're welcome. Then, is there anything else that I can help with?”

“Aah. It might take a lot of effort but I hope to give my other comrades a proper burial as well. ..... Well, that, may I request for your help as well?”

“Sure. I'm glad to help out with that, but may I request something as well?” Canaria smiled as she put forth her request. And Leticia was doubtful about that at this point. After all, Leticia was unable to leave the airborne castle and there would be a limit on her ability to fulfill any request. Unless the reward was for her head or the castle itself.

“Lady Canaria has helped to put my parents to rest. If there is something that I can do, I will be more than willing to lend you a hand.....”

“Good, I will take it as a yes. And since that is the case, let's go now! Everyone's doing the preparations now!”

Without further explanations, Canaria tugged Leticia's hand and started running out of the throne room.

Her current self was only a spiritual entity with a consciousness but it seem to be an information that this woman would not care to be reminded of anyways.

“Wait, Wait a moment, Oi!”

“I've got the lady, I've got the lady♪ I really should tell Great sage sis<sup>[4]</sup> about this♪”

Canaria was happily humming to herself as she set forth while Leticia who had been suddenly tugged along was frantically stumbling behind.

Leaving the long path of the cloisters from the throne room, they ran pass the atrium, passed through the Great doors that lead to the streets and finally met up with the nymph girl who came with Canaria the other time —Eurydice.

Standing before a bonfire, Eury, who had been looking up at the starry skies, pouted her cheeks upon discovering the duo's arrival.

"You are slow, NiaNia! I've already prepared things on my side a long time ago! Orpheus worked hard to obtain the Sovereignty from Hercules with the help of his pals of Argo, if you had been a lil' slower, wouldn't it have been all for naught?!"

"Sorry, Eury. We just chatted a little too long. But I've already convinced her, so please forgive me."

"Con,"

Convinced? Then, I was being convinced?

Leticia tilted her head as she was lost in this conversation.

After a hi-five as a greeting, Eury and Canaria started talking between themselves without caring to share the conversation.

"But that's great. With this, the battle strength of [Acadia] will also be sufficient right?"

"How can that be? We are still in the prepping stages. It's still far from the battle with that guy. ..... but the information regarding the blood of the Vampires was necessary. I guess you can say that we have made a step forward with this. And I'm going to introduce a new comrade to everyone—"

"Wait, Wait a moment! What are you guys talking about?!"

".....? The announcement of Leticia's joining into our Community, isn't it?"

"Pleased to work with you in the future, newbie!"

Eury gave a victory pose with her outstretched hands. But Leticia was currently speechless at the turn of events. Probably due to the unexpected invitation that was so boldly planned.

"I'm, I'm glad that you people have invited me to join your Community..... but it is well known for a fact that I'm now a Demon Lord. Those who know of me will not see it as a good thing,"

"Is it? Do you want to try going in a disguise? What about the youthful getup that Eury uses?"

"Ooh? Lety also wants to transform into a young girl? What about a Lolita getup? Would you like to team up with me?"

"No, that's not it, I'm trying to say that this is not the problem of my external appearance! I'm a Demon Lord! If my Game is not cleared, I'm unable to leave this place! Do you understand that?!"

"We do."

“That’s why we are doing preparations.”

The atmosphere was just like a duo of kids who visited their friend’s house to play a board game and they suddenly flip the board to land on its face and to follow up on that action with a victory pose. Leticia’s irritation was unable to escape from her lips and could only burn in her stomach. Moreover, from her view as a person who did not know of the details of their preparation to clear the game, those two could only be taken as talking empty words that did not have any plans to back them up.

Perhaps her feelings were all too clear from Leticia’s expression, Canaria gave a mischievous smile as she drew out a [Geass Roll].

“Anyways, there’s no need for us to clear the game right? It’s right here that ‘Upon the disappearance of the Circle of Animals, the game will be put on hold for an indefinite amount of time.’ Isn’t it?”

“You do know that the Circle of Animals refer to the elliptical belt of constellations and that means the [Zodiac]s right?”

“Of, Of course I know that. After all this huge dragon is also summoned with the Authority beyond that of the Sun as its medium. But if we were to talk about how it actually is done in detail, then”

“That’s why I say that you shouldn’t think too much. Because—“

Eury and Canaria controlled their urge to giggle as they pointed to the starry skies while announcing at the top of their voice,

“—we just need to get the twelve constellations down from that side—!!!”

## Part 4

A trail from a shooting star flashed across the starry skies. And that seemed to be the opening signal for the start of the event.

Upon receiving the signal to open the Veil of the night skies, the golden shooting stars started to sparkle.

And it wasn’t just one or two of them. But it seemed to be a cluster of shooting starts that was enough to cover the entire skies with their trails that gave off a brilliance that could easily be mistaken for the light of the Sun as they shot across the horizon.

Leo, Cancer and Sagittarius were generously allowing their component stars to fall off. And when the sixth zodiac fell from the skies, the huge dragon had simultaneously given off a bright golden glow before disappearing.

And the glow from the huge dragon was surrounding Leticia to give structure to her physical body. The warmth of a physical body after a long gap in time was slightly disorienting but that was unable to beat the epic change in the skies.

The fall of the stars from the zodiacs was definitely not a casual event. And even if one were to be the possessor of a Sovereignty in the world of Little Garden, they were something that could not be changed even if that person were to be an omnipotent being as well.

But this woman was actually able to get the holders of Sun Sovereignty to act as one.

“Lady, Lady Canaria..... Who in the world are you,”

“Ooh, that was a grand sight! A grand sight indeed! Let’s hold this event annually shall we? I bet everyone would be glad to see this, wouldn’t they?!”

“Agreed! Let’s leave the naming of that new shooting star cluster be left to my Orpheus!”

The duo screamed in excitement as they watched the spectacular sight in the starry skies. Could it be that I was used as an excuse to create this scene in the skies? Leticia couldn’t help but ponder about that possibility. But she soon gave up as she felt that it was going to be a futile effort to do so.

Although Leticia watched the fall of the golden rain of shooting stars, her face was still overshadowed.

“But ..... Even if I were to be released now, my position as a Demon Lord will still remain as a fact. Even after obtaining freedom, I still do not know what....”

“Aren’t you being stupid? Be it the rebuilding of the Vampire race or resuming the proposal of the [Floor Master] system, it’s up to you to choose what you want to do. And you just have to put in the effort into the chosen endeavour isn’t it okay with just that?”

“Yep, Yep! Finding a way to release the curse on Vampire Hime-sama is also an interesting option too!”

Leticia’s head shot up immediately. Indeed, Lamia had not died. She was just cursed by the cruel and relentless poets to become a monster. Then, if she were to enlist the help of those poets who would hear her out, to write a song that focus on the accomplishments and to paint her in a heroic light..... there might still be a way to save her.

“..... may I ask of you to help me?”

“On the contrary, I would like you to help us out. And then someday..... Mah, it should still be a long time away. But, we will surely help you craft a new song befitting a hero. This is what they call Give and Take.”

“But, But ,..... A Demon Lord like me, will I be able to help?”

The Game of Recollections had placed a shadow over Leticia’s heart. And that scene was truly tragic—however, it was not one that was of any relation to this woman.

Holding Leticia's shoulders, Canaria held her gaze steady with an intensity that was on par with the radiance of the stars,

“—stop being so arrogant by focusing on yourself. Stop yapping nonstop about things that may or may not happen. We will allow you to see your dreams, so just shut up and follow me.”

“Wha,”

“And I will forbid you from calling me Lady Canaria. Ever since I've heard that title, I was already embarrassed. There is no need for honorifics among comrades. Just relax a little. We will still have a long time of working together you know?”

Canaria blinked her eyes.

Leticia was speechless once more as she heard those words that forbid any sort of rebuttal. And she gave a wry smile in defeat. It was just as she said. They would be working together for a long time to come.

—Mah, at that time, I didn't expect it to be this long.

Canaria turned back to Leticia while bouncing up and down with excitement.

“Well then, what are you planning to do next? If you want, I can accompany you to go to the village of the Vampires. After all, we are to report that you game has been broken also.”

“Aah. That's something that I wanted to ask of you .....

But her words stop in mid-sentence. Leticia who suddenly seemed to have remembered something, looked up at the shooting stars as she mumbled.

“..... Firstly, I will want to learn how to brew some black tea.”

“Black tea?”

“Aah. If I do not do that, I just have the feeling that I will be scolded by my sister when I release her from her curse.”

The promise that she had with her sister. She wanted to keep that promise with actual actions.

After countless of years later—when she meets her sister, she will brew a cup of black tea to welcome her to reward her for all her effort. And Leticia smiled while making that oath in her heart.

## Translator's Notes

1. [magrefnotes: I don't know why there is still corpses... but it says corpses.... so I translated it.]
2. [magrefnotes: I'm leaving it as Jijochō- a direct translation from Leader of the maids to denote the term of 'leader of maids'. Unless someone asks me to translate that to English 'leader of maids'...]
3. [magrefnotes: rosaceas are part of the rose family. Not to be mistaken with Roselia the pokemon.] <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rosaceae>
4. [magrefnotes: shiro-white, yoru- night, Maou-Demon Lord, Ou – Lord, maybe I should just change them all to English... leaving decision to editor and readers.]
5. [magrefnotes: aka Cúchulainn, son of Lugh. Known as Sétanta during his childhood and later receiving that heroic name after killing Cullan's fierce guard dog in self-defense. He defended Ulster, one of the Northern provinces of Ireland singlehandedly against the armies of queen Medb of Connacht in the famous Táin Bó Cúailnge battle. And was known to be a berserker in battle who knows not friend or foe. Taken and summarized from [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/C%C3%BA\\_Chulainn](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/C%C3%BA_Chulainn).]
6. [magrefnotes: Taranis is the God of Thunder in Celtic mythology while Albiorix Is the divine spirit who caused the Heavens to fall to earth.]
7. [Magrefnotes: Akashic records whereby the Sanskrit word 'Akashic' means "everything under the sky", "space" or "ether". It is a type of amalgamated information in an unknown form that is coded and stored within ether. In other words, it is an existence that is not within the physical plane (something that cannot be perceived or experienced).  
This concept is also quite popular in the West in recent years.  
The Akashic records is understood as an entity that existed since the construction of all things and even before that. Even our knowledge base (eg. Medicine and Law) may have complex changes over time due to external influences; however, these have long been recorded in the Akashic records (eg. The people, animals, plants or ores and more); but are only encoded with a common tongue. (It can also be explained as the environment being the source of all observations and hence it is possible for all cultures and creations to have a common root.) Many works by authors have pointed to the Akashic records as something to be within the scope for a typical human to experience. However, its code is only something that is legible to those who have entered a transcendental state.]
8. [magrefnotes: Dagda, the eldest god of the Tuatha Dé Danaan, with the name interpreted in medieval texts as "the good god" with the titles of "Father of the gods" and "The knowledgeable and omnipotent god" among others. Wielder of knowledge, magic, Earth, fertility, destruction, death and rebirth. Legends tell of a strange magical staff in his hand that holds the ability to kill enemies with one end and revive the dead with the other.]

9. [magrefnotes: Scáthach is a female god in the Celtic mythology who governs the underworld “Dún Scáith” as its queen. She possesses superpowers of strength and have the ability to offer trials to heroes while bestowing them with combat skills for battle. Scáthach, a female warrior who is well versed with many combat martial arts and trained Sétanta.]
10. [magrefnote: Lugh mac Ethlenn(Lugh son of Ethlenn), God of the sun and light of the Celtic mythology is one of the representative gods of the Tuatha Dé Danann. His father is Cian while his grandfather (from his maternal side) is Balor of the cursed eye, from the Deep sea Giant race. On the other hand, Lugh’s coupling with the Ulster’s princess, Deichtire, bore him the Ulster’s hero: Cú Chulainn.]
11. [magrefnotes: Canaria derived from Canary.]
12. [magrefnotes: To make it less confusing, I’ve Italicized and bolded the words of her to refer to someone other than Leticia. eg. Lamia It was not as clear in the Chinese translation.]
13. BionicMeerkat Note - There was a magref note regarding backstory of Lamia in general, but due to its length I've decided to just post the notes in the discussion page of Part 3. Please look there if you are curious about it. Thanks!
14. [Ch translator notes: It is most likely talking about the Chupacabras.]
15. [magrefnotes: I just translated 铭字 as honorary plaque. It’s something closer to a tablet that has the names written in Chinese calligraphy, or that is what I’m guessing it to be.]
16. [magrefnotes: Great Sage Equalling Heaven]